

Arranged for piano, voice and guitar.

# BACK TO BLACK

## PLUS 19 TOP HITS

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Including 'Back To Black', 'Make You Feel My Love', 'Mercy' & many more...



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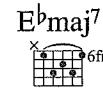
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# Aretha

Words & Music by Sarah Joyce & Steve Brown

$\text{J.} = 52$



I got A - re - tha in the morn - in'



high on my head-phones and

walk - ing to school.

I got the

B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



Gm<sup>7</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



Cm<sup>7</sup>



blues in spring - time 'cause I know that I'll nev - er

F<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>



B<sup>b</sup>



have the right

shoes.

Mam - ma, she'd no - tice but

Cm<sup>7</sup>



Dm<sup>7</sup>



she's al - ways

cry - ing.

I got no - one to con - fide in.

A -

F<sup>9</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>



B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



B<sup>b</sup>



-re - tha, no - bod - y but you.

And mam - ma, she'd no - tice but

Cm<sup>7</sup>  

  
 she's al - ways fight - ing some-thing in her mind.

Dm<sup>7</sup>  

  
 And it sounds like break-ing glass.

F<sup>9sus4</sup>  

  
 I tell A -

N.C.

B<sup>bmaj7</sup>  

  
 - re - tha in the morn - in'. High on my head-phones and

Gm<sup>7</sup>  

  
 3

E<sup>bmaj7</sup>  

  
 3

F<sup>9sus4</sup>  

  
 walk - ing to school.

B<sup>bmaj7</sup>  

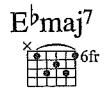
  
 3

F<sup>9sus4</sup>  

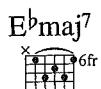
  
 I got the blues.

B<sup>bmaj7</sup>  

  
 3



in spring - time 'cause I know that I'll nev - er have the right



shoes.

You got the words,

ba - by, you



— got the words.

You got the words,

ba - by, you



— got the words.

Oh, A - re - tha,

B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



Cm<sup>7</sup>



A - re - tha I don't wan-na go to school.

'Cause they

F<sup>9sus4</sup>



B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



just don't und-er-stand me and I think the place is cruel.

B<sup>b</sup>



B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



Cm<sup>7</sup>



"Child,

sing out, raise your voice.

F<sup>9sus4</sup>



B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



G<sup>9sus4</sup>



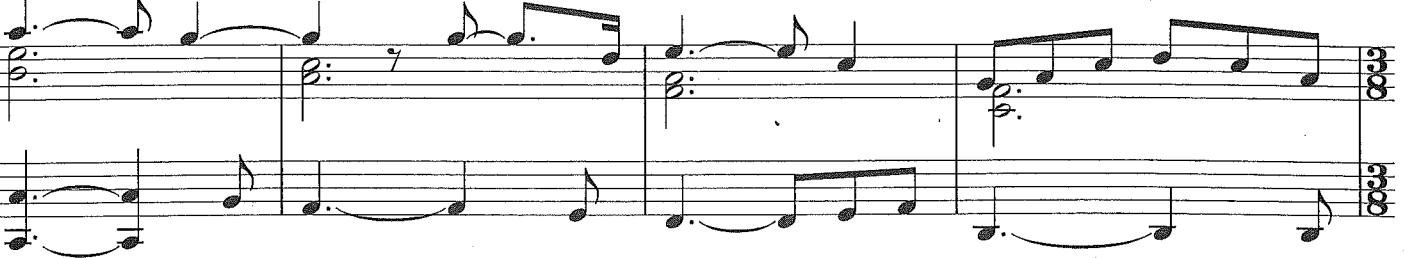
Stand up on your own,

go out there and strike out."

I tell A -



-re - tha in the morn - in'. High on my head-phones and



walk - ing to school.

I got the blues



in spring - time 'cause I know that I'll nev - er have the right

Fmaj7 Freely

Fm<sup>6</sup>

C

shoes.

But I got the words.

# Back To Black

Words & Music by Amy Winehouse & Mark Ronson

$\text{♩} = 130$  Swung quavers

Dm



Gm



B<sup>b</sup>



A



Dm



Gm



1. He left no time to re - gret, kept his dick -



B<sup>b</sup>



A



wet,

with his same old

safe bet.

Me -



Dm



Gm



and my head high, and my tears...

B<sup>b</sup>

A



— dry, get on with - out my guy. You...

Dm



Gm



went back to what you knew, so far...

B<sup>b</sup>

A



— re-moved from all that we went through. And...

Dm  Gm 

I tread a trou - bled track, my odds are

B♭  A 

stacked, I'll go back to black.

Dm  Gm  B♭ 

We on - ly said good-bye with words, I died a hun-dred times, you go

*Optional string part*

A  N.C.

back to her, and I go back to... I go back to

*Tambourine*

*Drums*



us.\_\_\_\_\_

2. I love you much,\_\_\_\_\_

it's not e -



-nough,\_\_\_\_\_

you love blow and I\_\_\_\_\_

love puff.\_\_\_\_\_

And life...



is like\_\_\_\_\_ a pipe,

and I'm a tin - y



pen - ny roll - ing up the walls.\_\_\_\_\_ in - side.\_\_\_\_\_

S:

Dm



Gm



We on - ly said good-bye with words, I died a hun-dred times,-

*To Coda on repeat ♦*B<sup>b</sup>

A



N.C.

you go back to her, and I go back to...

*Tambourine***Straight quavers**

Dm

B<sup>b</sup>*Drums*

F



Black.....

Black.....

Black.....

A



Black.....

Dm



B♭



Black.

F



A



Black.

I go

A<sup>7</sup>

*D.S. al Coda*  
(with repeat)

back to,

I go

back to...

Φ Coda



Dm



back

to

black.

# Bulletproof

Words & Music by Elly Jackson & Ben Langmaid

Original key E♭ minor

♩ = 124

Dm



G



Dm



Dm



G



1. Been there, done that, messed a - round; I'm hav-ing fun, don't put me down. I'll  
2. I won't let you turn a - round and tell me now I'm much too proud to

B♭

Dm



nev - er let you sweep me off my feet.  
walk a - way from some-thing when it's dead.

G



I won't let you in a - gain. The mes - sag - es I've tried to send, my  
Do, do, do your dir - ty words come out to play when you are hurt? There's

B♭

Dm



in - for - ma - tion's just not go - ing in.  
cer - tain things that should be left un - said.

G



Burn - ing brid - ges shore to shore, I break a - way from some - thing more; I'm  
Tick, tick, tick, tick on the watch, and life's too short for me to stop; oh,

B<sup>b</sup>

Dm



not turned on to love un - til it's cheap.  
ba - by, your time is run-ning out.

G



Been there, done that, messed a - round; I'm hav-ing fun, don't put me down. I'll  
I won't let you turn a - round and tell me now I'm much too proud. All

1° only

Dm



nev - er let you sweep me off my feet.  
— you do is fill me up with

Dm



F



doubt.

This time, ba - by, I'll

Gm



B♭



F



be

bul - let

proof.

This

Gm



B♭



time,

ba - by,

I'll

be

bul - let

1.

F



Dm



G



- proof.

2, 3.

B♭



Dm



F



- proof.

This

Gm  
3fr

time, baby, I'll be

B<sup>b</sup>

F

bul - let proof. This time, ba - by, I'll

Gm  
3fr

B<sup>b</sup>

F

*Fine*

be bul - let proof.

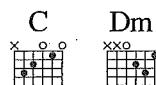
C Dm

F G

B<sup>b</sup>

Dm

(This time I'll be bul - let proof.



Dm



This time I'll be bul - let - proof.)

Dm



1.



2.

*D.S. al Fine*

This...

# Cry Me Out

Words & Music by Pixie Lott, Mads Hauge,  
Phil Thornalley & Colin Campsie

$\text{J.} = 60$

Amaj<sup>7</sup>



F#m



Dmaj<sup>7</sup>



D/E



Amaj<sup>7</sup>



Bm<sup>7</sup>



1. I got your e-mails. You just don't get fe-males, now, do you?—
2. When I found out how you messed me a - bout I was bro - ken.—

Back



What's in your heart is not on your head an-y - where.  
then I be-lieved you. Now, I don't need you no more.

The



Mate, you're too late and you weren't worth the wait, now, were you?  
pic on your phone proves you weren't a - lone. She was with you, yeah.

It's  
Now,



out of my hands since you blew your last chance when you played  
I could-n't care 'bout who, what or where, we're

me. } through. } You'll have to



cry me out. You'll have to cry me out. The

Dmaj<sup>7</sup>

D/E



E



tears that - 'll fall mean noth-ing at all. It's time to get o - ver your - self. Ba - by, you

Amaj<sup>7</sup>

F♯m



ain't all that. May- be there's no way back.

Dmaj<sup>7</sup>

D/E



E



You can keep talk-ing but, ba - by, I'm walk-ing a - way.

Dmaj<sup>7</sup>C♯m<sup>7</sup>Dmaj<sup>7</sup>C♯m<sup>7</sup>

Gon-na have to cry me out. Gon-na have to cry me out. Boy, there ain't no doubt: gon-na have to cry me out.

Dmaj7



C#m7



Won't hurt a lit - tle bit, boy, bet - ter get used to it.

Dmaj7



D/E



E



You can keep tal-king but, ba - by, I'm wal-king a - way.

A



F#m



D



Ooh...

Ooh...

E



You'll have to

Amaj<sup>7</sup>

F#m



cry me out. You'll have to cry me out. The

Dmaj<sup>7</sup>

D/E



tears that -'ll fall mean noth-ing at all. It's time to get o - ver your - self. Ba - by, you

Amaj<sup>7</sup>

F#m



ain't all that. May- be there's no

way

back.

Dmaj<sup>7</sup>

D/E



Repeat and fade

You can keep talk-ing but, ba - by, I'm walk-ing a - way.

You'll have to

# Dog Days Are Over

Words & Music by Florence Welch & Isabella Summers

$\text{♩} = 150$

G



Am



Em



G

G

1. Hap-pi- ness \_\_\_\_\_ hit her \_\_\_\_\_ like a train on a track..

Am



Em



G



Coming to - wards her, stuck still, no turn -

Am



Em



-ing back. 2. She

G



hid a - round cor - ners and she hid un - der beds. She and  
(3.) ev - 'ry bub - ble, she sank with her drink

Am



Em



1.

killed it with kiss - es and from it she fled. 3. With  
washed it a - way. down the kitch - en she sink.

2.

G



The dog days are o - ver, the

Am



dog days are done.. The hors - es are com - ing, so

Em



§ G



you'd bet - ter run. Run fast for your moth - er, run fast..

— for your fa - ther, run for your child - ren, for your sis - ters and b - roth - ers.

Am



Em



Leave all your lov - ing, your lov - ing be - hind, you can't car - ry it with you if you

G



want to sur - vive. The dog days are o - ver, the

Am



dog days are done. Can you hear the hors - es? 'Cause

G



here they come!

And

*To Coda ♫*

G

I ev - - - - nev - - - - er want - - - - ed  
- - - - ry - - - - thing you had - - - - and

Am

Em

1.

2.

an - y - thing from. you ex - cept  
what was left af - ter that too. Oh...

G

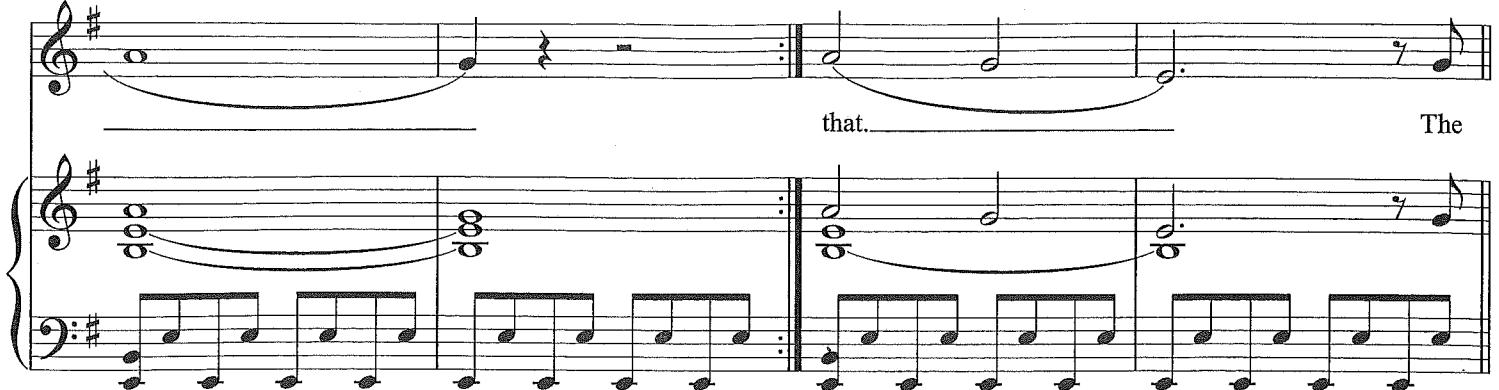
Hap - pi - ness a - hit her like a  
Struck from a great height by

Am

bul - let in the head. bet - ter than  
some one who should know bet - ter than

1.  
Em  


2.

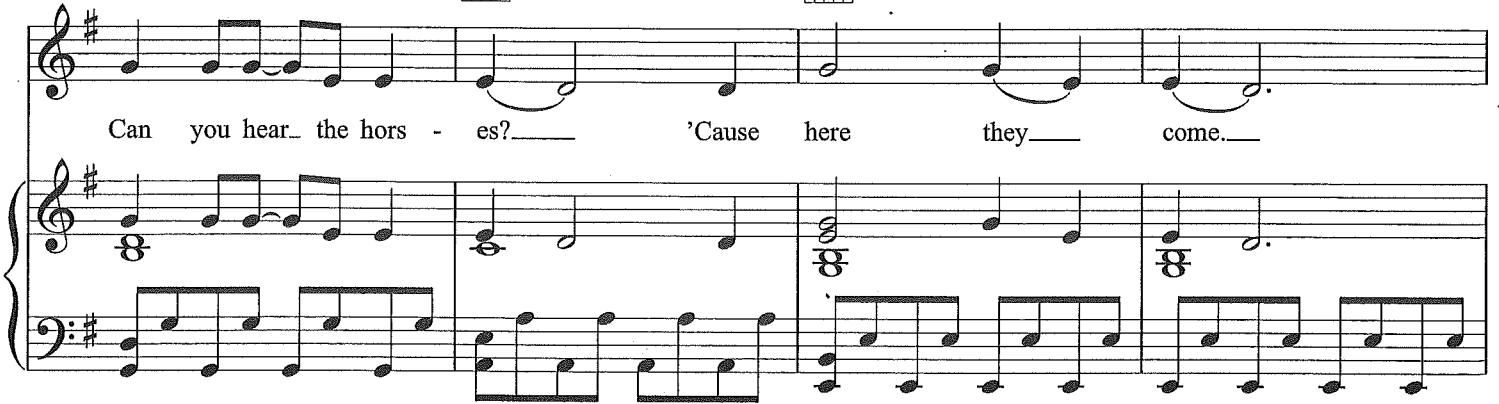


G  




Am  


Em  

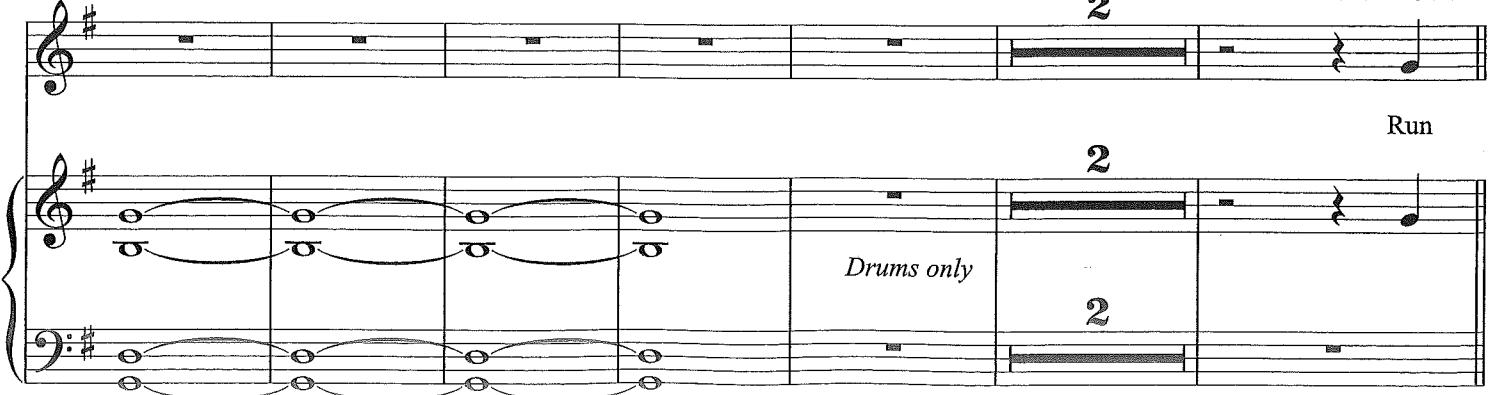



G  


N.C.

2

D.S. *al Coda*



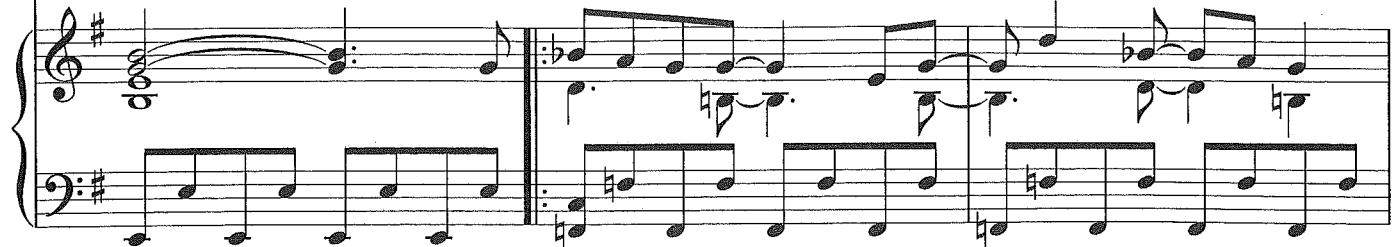
⊕ Coda

Em

G/F

come.

The dog days are o - ver, the



Am

G

G/F

dog days are done. The hors - es are

The

hors

- es

are

|1.

Am

|2.

Am

com - ing, so you bet - ter run. The you bet - ter

run.

C

G

run.

# Daniel

Words & Music by Natasha Khan

Original key G# minor

$\text{♩} = 135$

N.C.

Gm



B<sup>b</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>



F



E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



1. Da - niel,

when I first

saw you

C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>(omit3)

F



Gm

B<sup>b</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>

F



I knew that you had a flame in your

E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>(omit3)

F



Gm

B<sup>b</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>

F



heart.

And un-der wild blue skies,

mar - ble mo-

E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>

F



Gm



- vie skies,

I found a home in your eyes.

We'd

B<sup>b</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>

F

E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>

F



nev - er be a - part.

N.C.

2. And when the

Gm

B<sup>b</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>

F

E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>

fires came, the smell of cinders and rain  
(3.) good - bye bed, with my arms a - round your neck,

8

C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>(omit3)

F

Gm

B<sup>b</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>

F

per - fumed al - most ev - 'ry - thing. We laughed and laughed and laughed.  
in - to our love the tears crept, to kiss in the eye of the

8

E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4(omit3)</sup>



F



Gm



storm.

And in the gold - en blue  
And as my house spun 'round,

B<sup>b</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4(omit3)</sup>



my car\_\_\_\_ you took\_\_\_\_ me to  
my dreams\_ pulled me\_\_\_\_ to the ground,

the dark - - est  
for - ev - - er to search

Gm



B<sup>b</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>



F



E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>



place\_\_\_\_ you\_\_\_\_ knew and set fire to my heart.  
for the flame, for home a - gain, for home a - gain.

C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4(omit3)</sup>



F



Gm



B<sup>b6</sup>sus<sup>2</sup>



Fadd<sup>9</sup>



When I\_\_\_\_ run\_\_\_\_ in the dark,



2. Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> *D.S. al Coda*

3. But in a

*Coda*

Chords: Cm<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, Gm, B<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>, Cm, F<sup>7</sup>

Repeat to fade

# Foolin'

Words & Music by Dionne Bromfield & Francis Eg White

*J = 120*  
N.C.

*Effects*

*Drums*

*cont. sim.*

*Emaj<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>6</sup>*

*F<sup>#</sup>/A<sup>#</sup>* *Am*

*Emaj<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>6</sup>* *F<sup>#</sup>/A<sup>#</sup>*

1. Work- in' out the man  
2. You al - read - y know so you'll al - ways see,\_\_\_\_ with-  
he don't de - sire you.\_\_\_\_ I

Am  Emaj<sup>7</sup>  E<sup>6</sup> 
  
 - out him know- in' you're check- in' him out.  
 think he's al - ways made it clear. Talks of peo - ple here,  
 And when I'm stand- in' there so be-

F#/A#  Am  C#m 
  
 in - dis - creet, hop- in' they gon' put it a- bout. You real - ly like him  
 -side you, you can't be-lieve he's look- in' at me. Though you know he does-n't

E<sup>6</sup>  C#m  E 
  
 don't you? You real - ly want him don't you? } Oh,  
 like ya. You don't want me to have him ei - ther. }

§ F#m<sup>7</sup>  G#m<sup>7</sup> 
  
 I'm not mug-ging my - self off. I'm not show- in' my hand

C<sup>#</sup>m7F<sup>#</sup>m7

— like you do.

I'm not shoot-ing my - self down.

I'm

watch - in',

just watch

in',

yeah. I'm not fool - in' my - self,

— now.

You're the best teach-er that I ev - er knew.

F<sup>#</sup>m7

1, 3.

G<sup>#</sup>m7

To Coda ♪

I'm not shoot-ing my - self down.

I'm watch - in',

just

C♯m  
x o o o 4fr

learn - in' — from — you. —

2.

G♯7sus<sup>4</sup>

G♯7

— down. — Give it up, — don't

C♯m<sup>7</sup>  
x o o o 4fr

E<sup>6</sup>

E<sup>7</sup>

Amaj<sup>7</sup>  
x o o o

stand in my way. — It's e - enough — for all your mis - takes. —

C♯m  
x o o o 4fr

F♯m<sup>7</sup>  
x o o o

You real - ly like him don't you? —

You real - ly like him

B<sup>9</sup>

F#m<sup>7</sup>

don't you? I'm not mug-ging my - self off.

G#m<sup>7</sup>

C#m<sup>7</sup>

I'm not show- in' my hand like you do.

F#m<sup>7</sup>

I'm not shoot-ing my - self.

G#m<sup>7</sup>

C#m<sup>7</sup>

— down. I'm watch - in', just watch - in', yeah.

D.S. al Coda

⊕ Coda G#m<sup>7</sup>

N.C.

learn - in' from you.

# Foundations

Words & Music by Kate Nash & Paul Epworth

$\text{♩} = 160$

Guitar chords: C, F, C, F, C, F, G, F.

4/4 time signature. Treble and bass staves. The vocal line consists of eighth-note patterns.

Guitar chords: C, F, C, F.

1. Thurs - day night, ev -'ry - thing's fine, ex - cept you've got that look in your eye; when I'm

Guitar chords: C, F, G, F.

tell-ing a sto - ry and you find it bor-ing, you're think-ing of some-thing to say. You go a -






- long with it then drop it and hu - mil - i - ate me in front of our

friends.

2. Then

I'll use that voice that you find an - noy-ing and say some-thing like Spoken: "Yeah, intelligent input, darling.  
 3. You've said, "I must eat so man-y lem-ons, 'cause I am so bit-ter."

Why don't you just have another beer, then?" Then you'll  
 Spoken: I said, "I'd rather be with your friends, mate, 'cause they are much fitter."





call me a bitch, and ev'-ry-one we're with will be em - bar - rassed, and I won't give a....  
Yes, it was child - ish and you got ag - res - sive, and I must ad - mit that I was a bit scared.,



— but it gives me thrills to wind you up. }

My



fin - ger - tips are hold - ing on to the cracks in our foun - da - tions, and I



know that I should let go, but I can't. And

3

Am<sup>7</sup>

G



ev - 'ry time we fight I know it's not right, ev - 'ry time that you're up - set and I smile..

Fadd9



G

To Coda ♪

— I know I should for - get, but I can't.

C



F



C



F



Your face is past - y, 'cause you've gone and got so wast - ed, what a sur-

C



F



G



F



3

-prise. Don't want to look at your face, 'cause it's mak - ing me sick.



You've gone\_\_ and got\_\_ sick on\_\_ my train - ers. I on-ly got these yes - ter-



- day, oh my\_\_ gosh, *Spoken: I cannot be bothered with this.*

Well



I'll leave you there till the morn-ing, and I pur-pose-ly won't turn the heat-ing on,\_\_ and dear-



*D.S. al Coda*



— God, I hope I'm not stuck\_\_ with this\_\_ one.

My

• Coda



Fadd9



And ev - 'ry time we fight I know it's not

Am7



G



right, ev - 'ry time that you're up - set and I smile, I know I should

Fadd9



for - get, but I can't.

And

Am7



G



ev - 'ry time we fight I know it's not right, ev - 'ry time that you're

Fadd9



up - set and I smile, I know I should for - get, but I

G



F



can't.

Am



G



F



Am



G



F



G



Am



# Make You Feel My Love

Words & Music by Bob Dylan

$\text{♩} = 76$



1. When the rain is blow-ing in your face,

2. When the eve - ning shad-ows and the stars ap - pear,

and the whole world is on

and there is no one there to dry

E♭  E♭m  B♭ 
  
 — your case, — I could of - fer you a warm em - brace  
 — your tears, — I could hold you for a mil-lion years

1. 2.

C⁷  E♭/F  B♭  B♭ 
  
 to make you feel my love.  
 to make you feel my love...

E♭  B♭/F  G♭aug  E♭/G 
  
 I know you have-n't made your mind up yet,  
 The storms are rag-ing on the roll-ing sea,  
 but I would nev - er do you wrong...  
 and on the high - way of re - gret

B♭  E♭  B♭ 
  
 I've known it, from the mo-ment that we met;  
 the winds of change are blow-ing wild and free;

(2° Cm<sup>7</sup>)



no doubt in my mind where you be - long.  
you ain't seen noth - ing like me yet.

(2° Eb)

B<sup>b</sup>



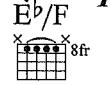
3. I'd go hun - gry, I'd go black and blue,  
4. I could make you hap - py, make your dreams come true,

A<sup>b</sup>



I'd go crawl-ing down the av - e - nue.  
noth-ing that I would - n't do.

Know there's noth-ing that I  
Go to the ends of the



To Coda ♫



would - n't do  
earth for you

to make you feel my love.  
to make you feel my love,

B<sup>b</sup>

F/A

A<sup>b</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>m

B<sup>b</sup>

C<sup>7</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>/F

B<sup>b</sup>

D.S. al Coda

⊕ Coda

rit.

B<sup>b</sup>

C<sup>7</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>/F

B<sup>b</sup>

to make you feel my love.

# Mercy

Words & Music by Duffy & Stephen Booker

$\text{♩} = 126$

N.C.

G  
3fr

C/G  
3fr

G<sup>7</sup>  
3fr

C/G  
3fr

Yeah,

yeah,

yeah.

G  
3fr

C/G  
3fr

G<sup>7</sup>  
3fr

1.

C/G  
3fr

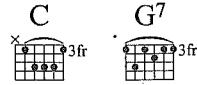
G  
3fr

2.

Yeah,

yeah,

yeah.



1. I love



you,  
(2.) —

but I will be got to stay some-thing on the true. side

My mor - als got me on my knees, I'm beg - ging you, please, — stop play - ing games...  
but you've got to un - der - stand that I need a man who can take my hand.



Yes I do!

I don't know what this is but you've got me good,—

C<sup>9</sup> 
  
 just like you knew you would.

Gm 
  
 I don't know what you do but you do it well, I'm un - der your spell.

C<sup>9</sup>/D 
  
 You've got me beg - ging you for

G<sup>7</sup> 
  
 mer - cy.

C/G 
 Gm<sup>7</sup> 
 C/G 
 G 
 C/G 
 Gm<sup>7</sup> 
  
 Why won't you re - lease me?



You got me beg - ging you for mer - - - - cy.



Why won't you re - lease me?

I said re - lease -



me.



2. Now you think that I -

1. | 2.

N.C.

I'm beg-ging you for mer - cy, just why won't you re - lease\_

— me? I'm beg-ging you for mer - cy. You got me beg - ging,

you got me beg - ging, you got me beg - ging.

G C/G Gm<sup>7</sup> C/G G C/G Gm<sup>7</sup>

Guitar chords: G (3fr), C/G (3fr), Gm<sup>7</sup> (3fr), C/G (3fr), G (3fr), C/G (3fr), Gm<sup>7</sup> (3fr)

1. Mer - cy. Why won't you re - lease me?  
(2.) mer - cy. I'm beg - ging you for mer - cy.

C/G  
3frGm/C  
3frC  
3frGm<sup>7</sup>/C  
3frC  
3frG  
3frI'm beg - ging you for mer - cy.  
I'm beg - ging you for mer - cy.Why won't you re - lease -  
I'm beg - ging you forC/G  
3frGm<sup>7</sup>  
3frC<sup>6</sup>/D  
5frC<sup>11</sup>  
3frG  
3fr— me?  
mer - cy.You've got me beg - ging you for mer - - - - -  
Why won't you re - lease -  
me? —C/G  
3frGm<sup>7</sup> 1.C/G  
3frC/G  
3frYeah. 2. I'm beg - ging you for —  
Yeah.

Break it down!

G<sup>7</sup>  
3fr

Repeat ad lib. and fade

You got me beg- ging, beg- ging you for mer - cy. You got me beg- ging down on my knees. I said,

# New York

Words & Music by Paloma Faith & Jodi Marr

Original key G<sup>#</sup> minor

♩ = 97 (swung ♩s)



2° only Am



Em/G



D/F<sup>#</sup>



Dm/F (Both times) Am



Em/G



days were long and the nights so cold, the pa-ges turned and the tale un-folds, he'd left me for  
(2.) wolves they howled for my lost soul, I fell down a deep black hole, he'd left me for

an-oth-er la-  
an-oth-er la-

2° only



- dy.  
- dy.

She stood so tall and she nev-er slept, there was not one mo-ment he could re-gret, he'd  
She poured the drinks and she poured the pow-er, dia-mond girl who could talk for hours, he'd

Am Em/G D/F# F  
 left me for an - oth - er la - dy, yeah. He took my  
 left me for an - oth - er la - dy, mmm. Now I am

C E<sup>7</sup> Am G  
 hand one day and told me he was leav - ing, me dis - be - liev - ing, } and  
 on my own, he told me he was leav - ing and I was plead - ing

Fsus<sup>2</sup> C E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>/G#  
 I I I I I I I I had to let him go...

Am G/D F C  
 Her name was New York, New York, and she

E<sup>7</sup>      E<sup>7</sup>/G<sup>#</sup>      Am      G      F      C

took his heart a-way, oh my. Her name was New York, New York, she had

1.

E<sup>7</sup>      E<sup>7</sup>/G<sup>#</sup>      Am      G      F      Fm<sup>6</sup>

pois-oned his sweet mind. Mmm. 2. The

2.

Am      G      F

The great - est times, I

Dm<sup>7</sup>

Am

G

don't want to hear it. Your new laugh-ter lines, I don't wan-na hear it. The

F

Dm<sup>7</sup>

Am

new - found friends she in - tro - duced you to, I don't wan-na know them I just

G

F

F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7b5</sup>

wan-na be with you..

Please don't make me go to

New York,

 F       C       E7       E7/G<sup>#</sup>




Am G F C

oh my. Her name was New York, New York, she

oh my. Her name was New York, New York, she

oh my. Her name was New York, New York, she

pois- oned your sweet mind. Her name was New York, New York,

C                    E<sup>7</sup>                    E<sup>7</sup>/G<sup>#</sup>                    Am                    G

She took your heart a - way, oh my. Her name was New -

F                    C                    E<sup>7</sup>                    E<sup>7</sup>/G<sup>#</sup>

— York, — New York, — She poi s - oned your sweet mind -

Am                    G                    F                    Fm<sup>6</sup>

She poi s - oned your sweet mind -

Am                    Em/G                    D/F<sup>#</sup>                    Dm/F                    Am                    Em/G                    D/F<sup>#</sup>

# Pack Up

Words & Music by Tim Woodcock, Matthew Prime,  
Felix Powell, Eliza Caird & George Asaf

Original key B major

$\text{♩} = 136$   $\text{♩} \text{♩} = \overline{\text{♩} \text{♩}}$



Dm




1. I get



tired  
(2.) top - ic.

and up - set

and I'm  
May-be I should

try-ing to care a lit-tle less.

When I  
drop it.

It's a touch - y

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Am



G



goo - gle I on - ly get de - pressed. I was taught to dodge those is - sues, I was told... Don't  
sub - ject. And I like to tip - toe 'round the tiff go-ing down. You got

wor - ry 'cause no doubt, there's al - ways some-thing to cry a - bout.  
pen - ny but no pound. So if your busi - ness is run - ning out -

And when you're stuck in an an - gry crowd. } They don't  
it's not my bus - ness to talk a - bout. }

F

G<sup>b</sup>dim<sup>7</sup>

§ C



think what they say be - fore they o - pen their mouths.. You got - ta... Pack up your trou - bles in your

Dm



old kit bag and bu-ry them be-neath the sea. I don't care what the

8

C

peo - ple may say, what the peo - ple may say a - bout me.

8 18

Dm



Pack up your trou-bles, get your old grin back. Don't wor - ry 'bout the cav - al - ry.

To Coda ♪

I don't care what the whis- per - ers say 'cause they

8 8

1.  
C  
2.  
C  

whis-per too loud for me.

2. Hot

Dm  

Tweet tweet.

Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet..

Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet..

Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet..

C  
*D.S. al Coda*

Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet..

3

Φ Coda

Dm



C



whis - per too loud for me. —

Dm



*Vocal ad lib.*



# Price Tag

Words & Music by Lukasz Gottwald, Claude Kelly,  
Bobby Ray Simmons & Jessica Cornish

*J = 86*

F

Am

O. K., co - co - nut man,\_

Dm

B♭

moon-heads, and pea. You read - y?

F

Am

1. Seems like ev -'ry - bod - y's got a price,\_ I won - der how they sleep at  
2. We need to take it back in time, when mu - sic made us all u -

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Dm



B♭



night. When the sale comes first, and the truth comes se-ond, just stop for a min-ute and  
- nite. And it wasn't low blows and vid- e-o hoes, am I the only one get-ting

F



Am



smile. Why is ev -'ry -bod - y so se - ri - ous? Act-ing so damn mys -  
tired? Why is ev -'ry -bod - y so ob-sessed? Mon-ey can't buy us

Dm



B♭



- ter - i - ous, got shades on your eyes and your heels so high that you can't e - ven have a good  
hap - pi - ness. Can we all slow down and en - joy right now? Gua-ran - tee we'll be feel-ing al -

F



Am



time. } Ev -'ry -bod - y look to their left, ev -'ry -bod - y look to their  
right. }

Dm



N.C.

right. Can you feel that? Yeah, we're pay-ing with love to - night. It's not a - bout the

F



Am



mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey.\_

We don't need your mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey.\_

We just wan-na make the

Dm

B<sup>b</sup>

world

dance,—

for - get a - bout the price

tag.—

Ain't a - bout the

F



Am



(Uh.) cha-ching,— cha-ching. Ain't a - bout the

(Yeah.)

b - bling,— b - bling.

Wan-na make the

Dm   
 1. B<sup>b</sup>   
 2. B<sup>b</sup> 

world dance, for-get a-bout the price tag. O.K. price tag... Yeah, yeah. Well, keep the  
 F  Am 

price tag and take the cash back, just give me six strings and a half stack. And you can,  
 Dm  B<sup>b</sup> 

can keep the cars leave me the gar-age and all I, yes all I need are keys and gui-tars. And guess what,  
 F  Am 

in thir-ty se-conds I'm leav-ing to Mars. Yeah, we leap - ing a-cross these un-de-feat-a-ble odds. It's like  
 F 

Dm

B<sup>b</sup>

this man, you can't put a price on the life. We do this for the love so we fight and sac-ri-fice ev'-ry

F

N.C.

night. So we ain't gon stum - ble and fall nev - er, nah. Wait -

Am

N.C.

-ing to see this in the sign of de - feat, uh - uh. So

Dm

N.C.

we gon' keep ev - 'ry one mov - ing their feet. So bring



B<sup>b</sup>

back the beat and then ev - 'ry - one sing. It's not a - bout the

F

Am

mon- ey, mon- ey, mon- ey.— We don't need your mon- ey, mon- ey, mon- ey.— We just wan-na make the



Dm B<sup>b</sup>

world dance,— for - get a - bout the price tag.— Ain't a - bout the



F Am

(Uh.) cha-ching,— cha-ching. Ain't a - bout the (Yeah.) b - bling,— b - bling. Wan-na make the

Dm  
xxo

1.  
B<sup>b</sup>  
x

world dance, for-get a-bout the price tag. It's not a-bout the

2.  
B<sup>b</sup>  
x

F  
x

Am  
xo

price tag.

Ah,

ah,

Dm  
xxo

B<sup>b</sup>  
x

F  
x

ah,

ah,

yeah, yeah,

oh,

Am  
xo

Dm  
xxo

B<sup>b</sup>  
x

For-get a-bout the price tag, yeah.

Ah.

# Paper Planes

Words & Music by Mick Jones, Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon,  
Topper Headon, Thomas Pentz & Mathangi Arulpragasam

$\text{♩} = 84$



G



1. I

D



A



fly like pa - per, get high like planes, if you catch me at the bord-er I got vi-sas in my name. If you  
2. Pi - rate skulls and bones, sticks and stones and weed and bombs.

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G



come a - round here, I make 'em all day, I get one down in a se-ond if you wait. I  
Run-ning when we hit 'em, le - thal poi - son through their sys - tem.

D



A



fly like pa - per, get high like planes, if you catch me at the bord-er I got vi-sas in my name. If you  
Pi - rate skulls and bones, sticks and stones and weed and bombs.

G



come a - round here, I make 'em all day, I get one down in a se-ond if you wait.  
Run-ning when we hit 'em, le - thal poi - son through their sys - tem.

D



A



Some-times I think sit - ting on trains,  
No one on the cor - ner has swag - ger like us,

ev -'ry stop I get to, I'm clock-ing that game.  
hit me on my burn - er pre - paid wire - less. We

G



Ev'-ry-one's a win-ner, we're mak-ing our fame. Bo-na-fide hus-tl-er mak-ing my name.  
pack and de-liv-er like U. P. S. trucks, al-read-y go-ing hell just pump-ing that gas.

D



Some-times I think sit-ting on trains. Ev'-ry stop I get to I'm clock-ing that game.  
No-one on the cor-ner has swag-ger like us. Hit me on my burn-er pre-paid wire-less. We

G

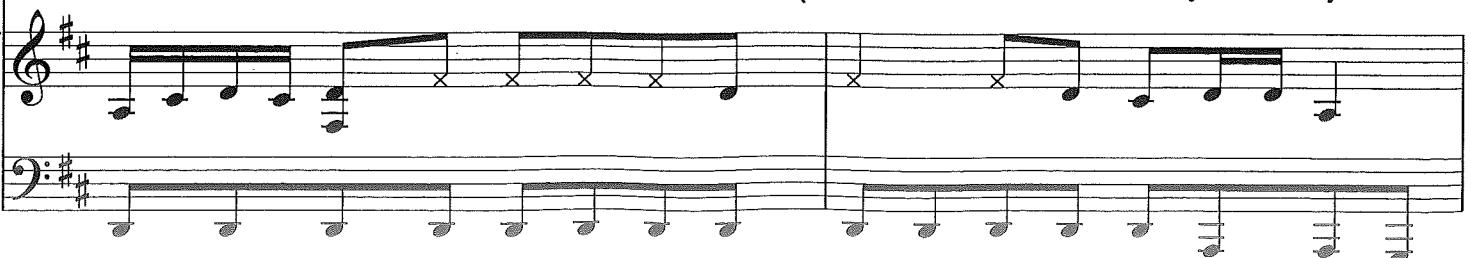


Ev'-ry-one's a win-ner, we're mak-ing our fame. Bo-na-fide hus-tl-er mak-ing my name.)  
pack and de-liv-er like U. P. S. trucks, al-read-y go-ing hell just pump-ing that gas.)

D



All I wan-na do is... and a... and take your mon-ey.



G



All I wan-na do is, and a... and take your mon-ey.

D



A



All I wan-na do is... and a... and take your mon-ey.

G



All I wan-na do is, and a... and take your mon-ey.

D



A



(Spoken) M. I. A. Third world democracy.

Yeah, I got more

G



records than the K. G. B. So, uh, no funny business.

D



A



Some, some, some I, some I mur - der.

Some I, some I let go.

G



Some, some, some I, some I mur - der.

Some I, some I let go.

D



All I wan - na do is...

and a... .

and take your mon - ey.

G  


All I wan-na do is, and a... and take your mon-ey.

D  
A  


All I wan-na do is... and a... and take your mon-ey.

G  


All I wan-na do is, and a... and take your mon-ey.

N.C.

Finger clicks

# Right To Be Wrong

Words & Music by Desmond Child, Joss Stone & Betty Wright

$\text{♩} = 72$



**Piano Part:**

- Key signature:  $\text{F}^{\#}$
- Time signature:  $4/4$
- Chords: D, Bm7, A, Gadd9, D, Bm7, A, Gadd9, Aadd9, D.
- Performance: Includes bass lines, piano chords, and a bass line with a fermata.

**Guitar Part:**

- Key signature:  $\text{F}^{\#}$
- Time signature:  $4/4$
- Chords: D, Bm7, A, Gadd9, D, Bm7, A, Gadd9, Aadd9, D.
- Performance: Includes strumming patterns and chord diagrams.

**Vocal Part:**

- Key signature:  $\text{F}^{\#}$
- Time signature:  $4/4$
- Chords: D, Bm7, A, Gadd9, Aadd9, D.
- Performance: Includes lyrics: "I've got a right to be wrong, my mis-takes will make me strong."

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Bm<sup>11</sup>



A add9



I'm step-ping out in - to the great un - known,

Gadd9



D



Bm<sup>11</sup>



3

I'm feel-ing wings though I've nev-er flown.

Got a mind of my

A add9



Gadd9



own,

I'm flesh and blood

D



Bm<sup>11</sup>



3

to the bone, I'm not made of stone.

Got a right to be

A add9



Gadd9



N.C.

wrong,\_\_\_\_\_

so just leave me a - lone.\_\_\_\_\_

D

Dsus<sup>4</sup>

D



A



Got a right to be wrong,\_\_\_\_ I've been held down too\_\_\_\_

G



D



Bm



long,\_\_\_\_

I've got to break free\_\_\_\_

so I can fi - nal - ly breathe.. Got a right to be wrong,

A



Gadd9



D



got to sing my own song,\_\_\_\_ I might be sing-ing out of key\_ but it sure feels good to

Bm



A



Gadd9



To Coda



N.C.

me. Got a right to be wrong, so just leave me a lone..

3

2

2

2

A



G



You're en - tit-led to your o - pi-nion, but it's real - ly my de-ci - sion, I

D



Bm



can't turn back, I'm on a mis - sion, if you care don't you dare blur my vi - sion. But

2

2

let me be all that I can be, don't smo-ther me with ne - ga - ti - vi - ty,

A



G



D   
 what-ev-er's out there wait - ing for me,  
 Asus<sup>4</sup>   
 I'm gon-na face it will - ing - ly.

8 8  
 Mm.  
 N.C. D.S. *al Coda*  
 Got a right to be

Coda   
 Gadd9 N.C.  
 so just leave me a - lone. Mm,  
 D 

Bm<sup>7</sup>   
 mm,  
 A   
 mm,  
 Gadd9 

mm,  
 mm,



D Bm<sup>7</sup> A

mm, mm, mm,



Gadd<sup>9</sup> D

3

mm. Got a right, got a right,—



Bm<sup>7</sup> A

got a right, got a right. Oh.



Gadd<sup>9</sup> D

mm. mm. mm. mm.

# Remedy

Words & Music by Nadir Khayat & Victoria Hesketh

♩ = 128

F♯m



N.C.

N.C.

1. I can see you stalk - ing like a pred - a - tor, I've been here be - fore.  
2. Spin me fast - er like a ka - lei - do - scope, all I've got's the floor.

—  
—  
Temp - ta - tion calls like Ad - am to the ap - ple but  
Yeah, you can try but I've found the an - ti - dose,

I will not be caught.  
 mu - sic is the cure.  
 'Cause I can read those  
 So you can try to

vel - vet eyes  
 pa - ra - lyze  
 and but all I know see best is this lies. } No more

poi - son kill - ing my e - mo - tion. I will not be fro - zen. Danc - ing is my

F#m

rem - e - dy, rem - e - dy. Oh, stop, stop pray - ing 'cause I'm not, not play - ing. I'm not

E

F#m

D

fro - zen. Danc-ing is my rem - e - dy, rem - e - dy. Oh, move while you're watch-ing me,

A

E

F#m

D

dance with the en - e - my. I've got a rem-e - dy. Oh, ah - oh, ah - oh. Move while you're watch-ing me,

*To Coda ♫*

dance with the en - e - my. Here is my rem - e - dy. Oh, ah - oh, ah - oh.

1.

N.C.

2.



Da da

F♯m



D



A



Da da da da da da da da da da

38



Da da And when the mu - sic fades a - way

E



F♯m



D



I know I'll be O. K. Con ta - gious ry

♩ *Coda* D

Move while you're watch - ing me, dance with the en - e - my.

♩

♩

♩

♩

♩

♩

♩


  
 I've got a rem - e - dy.      Oh,      ah - oh,      ah - oh.      Move while you're watch-ing me,

# Smile

Words & Music by Lily Allen, Iyiola Babalola, Darren Lewis  
& Jackie Mittoo

$\text{♩} = 96$

Gm



F



Gm



F



Gm



F



1. When you first left me, — I was want - ing more, — but you were kiss-ing that  
(2.) ev - er you see me, — you say that you want me back, and I tell you it

Gm



F



girl next door; what'd you do that for?  
don't mean jack; no, it don't mean jack.

I

Gm  
3fr

F  
3fr

When you first left me, I didn't know what to say.  
I could - n't stop laugh - ing; no, I just could - n't help my - self.

I'd nev - er been on my  
See, you messed up my

Gm  
3fr

F  
3fr

own that way; just sat by my - self all day.  
men - tal health; I was quite un - well.

Gm  
3fr

F  
3fr

I was so lost back then, but, with a lit - tle help from my friends,

Gm  
3fr

F  
3fr

I found the light in the tun - nel at the end.

Gm



F



Now you're call-ing me up on the phone,

so you can have a lit - tle whine and a moan;

Gm



F



it's on - ly be-cause you're feel - ing a - lone..

Gm<sup>7</sup>Fmaj<sup>7</sup>

At first, when I see you cry, it makes me

Gm<sup>7</sup>Fmaj<sup>7</sup>

smile,

yeah, it makes me smile..





At first, when I see you cry, it makes me

Gm<sup>7</sup>



Fmaj<sup>7</sup>



smile, yeah, it makes me smile.

Gm<sup>7</sup>



Fmaj<sup>7</sup>

At worst, I feel bad for a while, but then I just

Gm<sup>7</sup>



1.



2.



smile;

I go a-head and smile.

smile.

# Someone Like You

Words & Music by Adele Adkins & Daniel Wilson

$\text{♩} = 68$

A



C♯m/G♯



*Con pedale*

F♯m



D



1. I

A



C♯m/G♯



— heard  
(2.) You know that you're  
set-tled down..  
That you on - ly

F#m



D



found a girl  
yes - ter-day  
and you're  
was the  
mar-ried  
time  
of our  
now.  
lives. We  
were

A



C#m/G#



born I heard  
and raised that your  
in a dreams  
sum - mer true.  
haze. Guess she  
Bound

F#m



D



gave you things  
by the sur-prise

I didn't give to you.  
of our glo - ry days.

I

1° only



C#m/G#



Old friend, why are you so shy?  
Ain't like

F#m 

D 

you to hold back, or hide from the light. I

Eadd9 

F#m7 

D 

hate to turn up out of the blue un-in-vit-ed but I could-n't stay a-way. I could-n't fight it. I had

Eadd9 

F#m7 

D 

Eadd9/D 

2

hoped you'd see my face and that you'd be re-mind-ed that for me it is-n't o - ver.

2

2

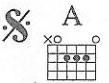
1° only D 

2° only D 

2

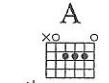
2

2



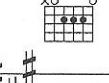



Never mind I'll find some-one like you. I wish



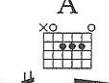



noth-ing but the best for you two. Don't for -






-get me, I beg... I'll re - mem-ber you said some-times it






1, 3.  
 lasts and loves but some-times it hurts in - stead. Some-times it






A  E  F#m  D 
 To Coda ♪

lasts and loves but some-times it hurts in - stead.

2. F#m  D 
 - stead.

E/B  F#m/C# 
 3 3

Noth-ing com-pares, no wor-ries or cares, re-grets and mis-takes, they are mem-o-ries made.

D5  E/B  A/C# 
 3

Who would have known how bit-ter - sweet this would

rit. **D** **E/D** **a tempo** **A** **E/G#** **F#m** **D**  
 taste? **Nev-er mind. I'll find\_** some-one like\_ you. **I wish**  
**A** **E/G#** **F#m** **D** **A** **E**  
 noth-ing but\_ the best\_ for\_ you. **Don't for - get me, I beg.\_ I'll re -**  
**F#m** **D** **A** **E/G#** **F#m** **D**  
 - mem-ber\_ you said\_ some-times it lasts and loves but some-times it hurts in - stead.  
**∅ Coda** **D** **G#dim/D** **Dmaj7** **D5** **A5**  
**8vb**  
**8vb**  
**5fr**

# Starry Eyed.

Words & Music by Ellie Goulding & Jonny Lattimer

$\text{♩} = 150$

Fm



E $\flat$ /B $\flat$



D $\flat$ /A $\flat$



Oh, oh,

star - ry eyed.

Oh, oh,

star - ah-ah- ah.

Oh, oh,

star - ry eyed,

star - ry eyed,

star - ry eyed.

Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit me with light - ning.

Fm



E♭/B♭



D♭/A♭



1. Han - dle bars that I let go, let go for an - y - one.  
 2. So we burst in - to col - ours, col - ours and ca - rou-sels.

Fm



E♭/B♭



D♭/A♭



Take me in and I'll throw out my heart.  
 Fall head first like pa - per planes and play -

Cm<sup>7</sup>

Fm



— and get a new one.  
 - ground games. }

Next thing,

we're touch - ing.

You

A♭add9



D♭6



look at me, it's like you hit me with light - ning. Ah, ah.



2.

Fm

E<sup>b</sup>B<sup>b</sup>mA<sup>b</sup>

Whoa, oh, oh, whoa-ah - ah - ah - ah, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Fm

D<sup>b</sup>

Next thing, we're touch - ing. Next thing, we're touch - ing.

Cm

B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>

Next thing, we're touch - ing. Next thing,

Cm<sup>7</sup>

Fm



we're touch - ing. Next thing, we're touch - ing.



Next thing, we're touch - ing.

Next thing, we're touch - ing.



Next thing, we're touch - ing. Hit me with light - ning.



Oh, ev -'ry -bod - y's star - ry eyed. and ev -'ry -bod - y



glows. Oh, ev -'ry -bod - y's star - ry eyed, and my bod - y goes...

N.C.



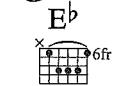
Oh, ev'-ry-bod-y's star - ry eyed, and ev'-ry-bod-y

Fm



glows. Oh, ev'-ry-bod-y's star - ry eyed, and my bod-y goes.

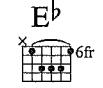
Fm



Whoa, oh, oh, ah, ah. Whoa, oh, oh, ah, ah.

(vocal ad lib.)

Fm



Whoa, oh, oh.

Ah, hoo.

# Stronger Than Me

Words & Music by Amy Winehouse & Salaam Remi

$\text{♩} = 91$

N.C.

Improvised vocal and guitar intro

Drums

Gm  A<sup>7b13</sup>  Dm 

1. You should be strong - er than me,  
2. You should be strong - er than me,  
(3.) "The res - pect I made you earn,

Gm  A<sup>7b13</sup>  Dm  D<sup>7sus2</sup>  D<sup>m7</sup>  D<sup>7sus2</sup> 

you been here se - ven years long - er than me.  
but in - stead you're long - er than fro - zen tur - key.  
thought you had so man - y les - sons to learn."

I said

Gm  


A7b13  


Dm  


Don't you know? You're s'posed to be the man\_\_\_\_\_  
not  
Why'd you al - ways put me in con - trol?  
"You don't know what love is get a grip."

Gm  


A7b13  


Dm  


Dm7 D7sus2  
 

pale in com - par - i - son to who you think I am. You al-ways wan-na  
All I need is for my man to live up to his role. You al-ways wan-na  
Sounds as if you're read - ing from some oth - er ti - red script. I'm not gon-na

Gm  


A7b13  


Dm  

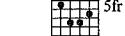

talk it through,  
talk it through,  
meet your moth - er

I don't care.  
I'm o - key.  
an - y - time.

I al-ways have to  
I al-ways have to  
I just wan-na

Gm  


A7b13  


Dm  


Dm7 D7sus2  
 

com - fort you when I'm there.  
com - fort you ev - 'ry day.  
rip your bod - y o - ver mine,

But that's  
But that's  
please

Gm  A<sup>7b13</sup>  Dm<sup>7</sup>  D<sup>7sus2</sup> 

what... I need you to do,... stroke my hair...  
 what... I need you to do... Are you gay?... }  
 tell me why you think that's a crime... 'Cause

Fmaj<sup>7</sup>  G<sup>9</sup> 

I've for - got - ten all of young love's joy,

Fmaj<sup>7</sup>  G<sup>9</sup> 

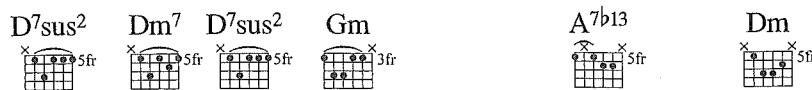
Play 3 times

feel like a la - dy, but you my la - dy boy.

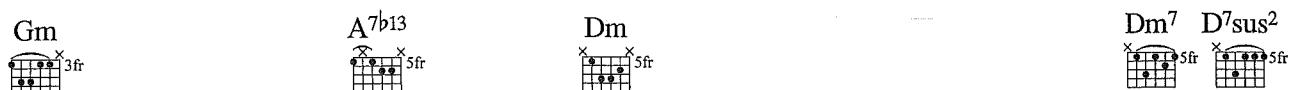
3. He said,

Gm  A<sup>7b13</sup>  Dm  Gm  A<sup>7b13</sup>  Dm 

You should be strong - er than me, you should be strong - er than



me, — you should be. strong-er than me, —

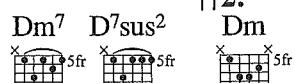


you should be. strong - er than me. —



*Ad lib. trumpet solo*

1, 3.



2.



Drums

123456789

Twenty fabulous hit songs  
arranged for piano, voice and guitar.

Aretha Rutherford

Back To Black Amy Winehouse

Bulletproof Linkin Park

Cry Me Out Dixie Chicks

Daniel Carroll Brothers

Dog Days Are Over Ben Howard

Foolin'

Foundations

Make You Feel My Love

Mercy

New York

Pack Up

Paper Planes

Price Tag

Remedy

Right To Be Wrong

Smile

Someone Like You

Starry Eyed

Stronger Than Me

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ISBN 978-1-78038-336-1



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**Back To Black** Amy Winehouse

**Bulletproof** La Roux

**Cry Me Out** Pixie Lott

**Daniel** Bat For Lashes

**Dog Days Are Over** Florence + The Machine

**Foolin'** Dionne Bromfield

**Foundations** Kate Nash

**Make You Feel My Love** Adele

**Mercy** Duffy

**New York** Paloma Faith

**Pack Up** Eliza Doolittle

**Paper Planes** M.I.A.

**Price Tag** Jessie J feat. B.o.B.

**Remedy** Little Boots

**Right To Be Wrong** Joss Stone

**Smile** Lily Allen

**Someone Like You** Adele

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